

L I F E

MAY 4, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS



The Leading Lady

The Prudential in 1921

Paid-for business (issued, revived and increased) **\$1,139,784,232**

Over \$107,000,000 greater than in 1920, The Prudential's best previous year—an achievement testifying to the constantly increasing confidence of the public in The Prudential.

Total insurance in force **\$5,668,080,870**

Including an increase of over \$572,000,000 made during 1921.

Number of policies in force **22,143,233**

Representing insurance on one out of every eight persons in the United States and Canada.

Number of death claims paid since organization **3,191,139**

Including 175,623 claims paid in 1921, at the rate of 585 for each business day.

Paid policyholders in 1921 **\$68,970,512**

Total paid policyholders since organization, plus amount held for their security now exceeds \$1,538,342,000.

Dividends paid policyholders in 1921 **\$16,537,822**

Since mutualization became effective in 1916, policyholders whose contracts contained no provision for dividends have received \$27,000,000 in dividends, which would not have been paid under the Company's previous practice.

Reserves, held to protect policy contracts . . . **\$717,824,358**

Held for policy dividends, payable after 1921 **20,752,077**

Other liabilities **17,680,126**

Surplus, including capital stock **33,251,662**

Assets **\$789,508,223**

The savings of Prudential policyholders, securely held and busily working in loans upon homes, farms, schools, railroads and other industries, as well as in municipal, state and government securities.



All Forms of Life Insurance Issued

**The Prudential Insurance Co.
of America**

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

Forrest F. Dryden, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

*Founded by John S. Dryden,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America*

Fisk Tires Stand Any Comparison And Show Their Extra Value

FIVE minutes given to the inspection of Fisk Tires and to comparing them with other makes will go further toward selling them to you than pages of copy could do. The ex-

tra value in Fisk Tires this year is so real and so obvious that it will pay any buyer, in money

saving and in satisfaction, if he will compare Fisk for size, strength, resiliency, looks, price.

30 x 3 1/2	Fisk Premier Tread	\$10.85
30 x 3 1/2	Non-Skid Fabric	14.85
30 x 3 1/2	Extra-Ply Red-Top	17.85
30 x 3 1/2	Six-Ply Non-Skid Clincher Cord	17.85
30 x 3 1/2	Six-Ply Non-Skid Straight Side Cord	19.85
31 x 4	Six-Ply Non-Skid Cord	27.00
32 x 4	Non-Skid Cord	30.50
32 x 4 1/2	Non-Skid Cord	39.00
34 x 4 1/2	Non-Skid Cord	41.00
35 x 5	Non-Skid Cord	51.50
Flat Tread Cord for Trucks—		
36 x 6	\$77.00	40 x 8—\$136.00

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size for car, truck or speed wagon

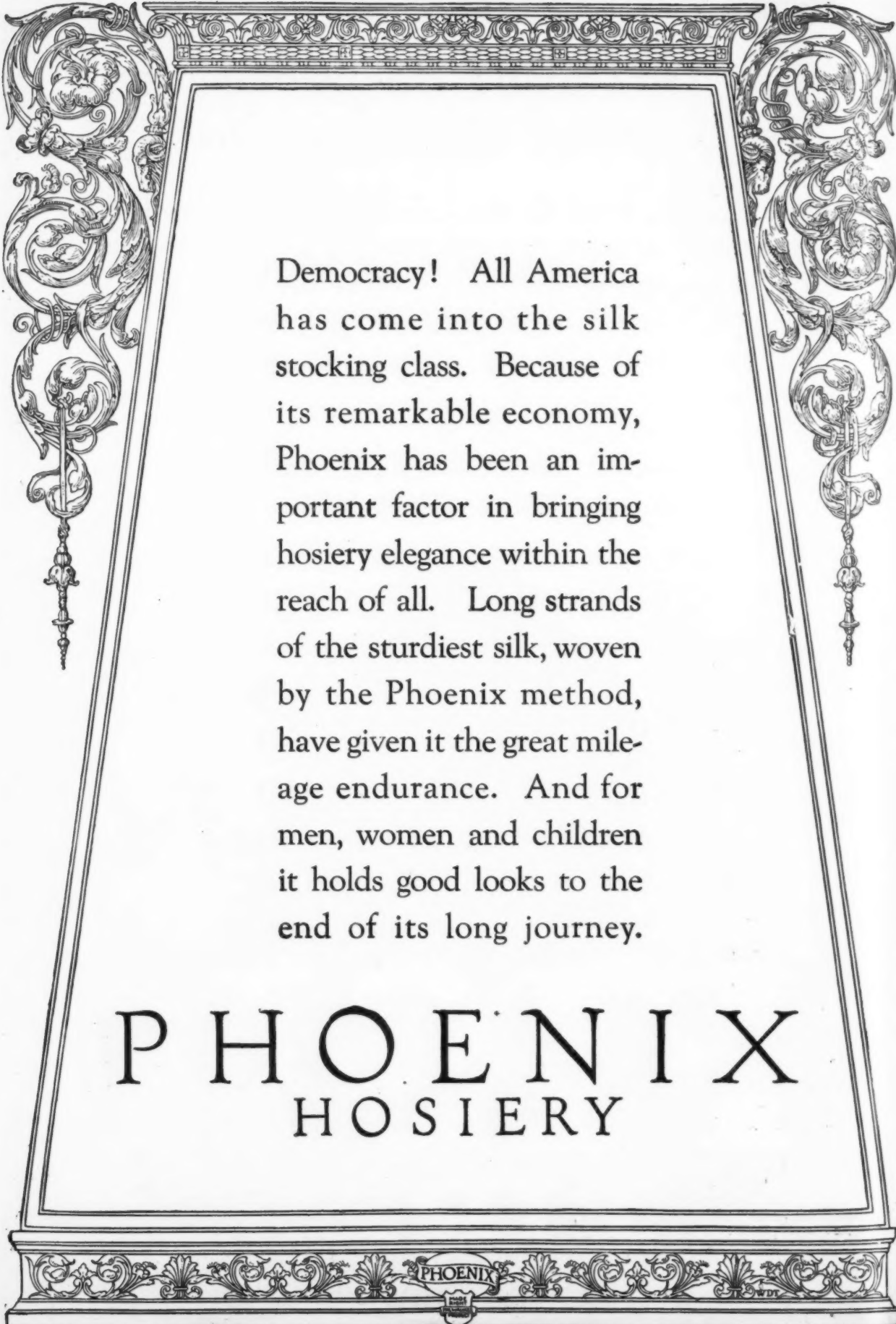


**Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FISK

TIRES



Democracy! All America has come into the silk stocking class. Because of its remarkable economy, Phoenix has been an important factor in bringing hosiery elegance within the reach of all. Long strands of the sturdiest silk, woven by the Phoenix method, have given it the great mileage endurance. And for men, women and children it holds good looks to the end of its long journey.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY





Life



To May in May

A BARD, addressing verse to May,
Can never hope the ear to please,
Unless he has a bit to say
About the blossoms on the trees,
And so I'll drag the blossoms in
By saying simply that I think
Your pretty cheek and pretty chin
Are equal to their white and pink.

And having now the blossoms done,
'Twould not be fair, but otherwise,
Unless I made—if only one—
Allusion to the summer skies.
No Maytime verse would be complete
Without it; so I'll say their hue
Compared with eyes more soft and sweet
Is just an ordinary blue.

Nor have I even finished yet
The stock of seasonable words.
On no account must I forget
To bring into the scheme—the birds.
I'll say your rich harmonious voice
Reminds me of the lovely song
Of little birds, as they rejoice,
When roses say they won't be long!

La T. H.



Girls Will Be Boys



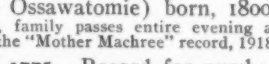

Life's Calendar

for May



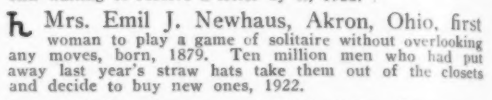
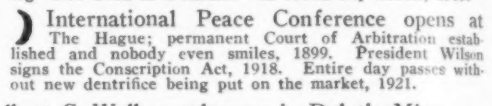
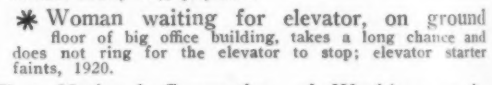
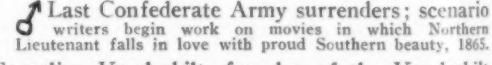
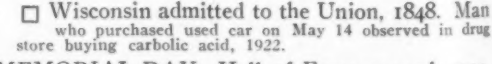
John Held Jr

By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

- 1—M.—First one-cent post card issued; country postmaster jokes inaugurated, 1873. Battle of Manila Bay, 1898. Four Presidents press buttons in White House, opening the Chicago, Tennessee, Pan-American, and Louisiana Purchase Expositions, 1893, 1897, 1901, 1904.
- 2—Tu.—Stonewall Jackson shot, 1863. First elevated train in New York; Mrs. Amos L. Blunt, 219 East 14th Street, first woman to adjust complexion in mirror of chewing gum machine, 1878.
- 3—W.— First medical school established in America, 1765. Mrs. M. L. Image, Chiswick, England, strangled at breakfast table by white mouse, thus accounting for woman's fear of rodents, 1782. Eighteen English lady diarists refused permission to land at Ellis Island, month's quota having been completed, 1922.
- 4—Th.—Haymarket riot, Chicago, 1886. Ordinary vegetable observed in window of delicatessen store, 1920.
- 5—F.—Death of Napoleon, 1821. West Indian apartment house slave traffic begins, 1897. Some slaves establish permanent soviets, 1898.
- 6—Sa.— First flight of heavier-than-air flying machine (Langley's), 1896. Herbert L. Moist, inventor of silencer for street car and elevator whistlers, born, 1900.
- 7—Su.—Columbia River discovered by Captain Gray, 1792. Rex Beach begins counting the salmon in it, 1899. Lusitania torpedoed, 1915. Lid of roll top desk slides down without sticking, 1921.
- 8—M.—Battle of Palo Alto, 1846. Battle of Spottsylvania Court House, 1864. Hostess in Dodge City, Iowa, remains perfectly calm when guest tips back on Chippendale chair, 1919. Mayor Hylan begins annual spring attack on attackers, 1922.
- 9—Tu.— John Brown (of Ossawatimie) born, 1800. Harlem, New York, family passes entire evening at home without putting on the "Mother Machree" record, 1918.
- 10—W.—Ticonderoga captured, 1775. Record for number of side dishes in country hotel broken by McKinley House, St. Clair, Ohio, by introduction of individual containers for piccalilli, gherkins, and chow chow, 1899.
- 11—Th.—Peter Stuyvesant arrives in New Amsterdam, 1647. Minneapolis has weekless week, 1921. American Magazine runs article about man who didn't turn out to be successful, 1928.
- 12—F.—First marriage in Plymouth Colony; possible children proposed for membership in Boston Sewing Circle, 1621. Marshall T. Lapelle, of North Bedlam, Me., found to be using Christmas gift pipe rack, 1903.
- 13—Sa.— Jamestown, first English settlement in America, founded, 1607. Several members of colony complete "My American Impressions," 1608. U. S. declares war on Mexico, 1846. Photographs of Prince of Wales without an elephant again appear in rotogravure sections, 1922.
- 14—Su.—Mothers' Day. Convention to draft Constitution meets, Anti-Saloon League representative arriving five minutes too late, 1878. Citizen of Perth Hornet, N. J., discovered to be without radio outfit, 1923.
- 15—M.—Cape Cod discovered; Cod Liver Oil business incorporated for \$100,000,000, 1602. First regular aero mail



service inaugurated in United States, 1918; everybody still waiting to receive a letter by it, 1922.

- 16—Tu.— Mrs. Emil J. Newhaus, Akron, Ohio, first woman to play a game of solitaire without overlooking any moves, born, 1879. Ten million men who had put away last year's straw hats take them out of the closets and decide to buy new ones, 1922.
- 17—W.—Money Order System established by Congress; all post offices ordered to put money order windows as far as possible from stamp windows, 1864. Expert accountant estimates that railroads annually waste \$892,365 by printing "Not Good If Detached" on round trip tickets, 1919.
- 18—Th.— International Peace Conference opens at The Hague; permanent Court of Arbitration established and nobody even smiles, 1899. President Wilson signs the Subscription Act, 1918. Entire day passes without new dentifrice being put on the market, 1921.
- 19—F.—Albert C. Walker, salesman in Duluth, Minn., receives five-dollar bill from customer and fails to ask: "Haven't you anything smaller?"—1918. Drama League indorses the Drama League, 1922.
- 20—Sa.—Death of Christopher Columbus, 1506. Idea of putting string into rock candy first conceived, 1833. Paper cup full of water successfully carried to woman during intermission at theatre, 1920.
- 21—Su.—American Association of the Red Cross founded at Washington, 1881. Boy selling magazines on train admits that one of them is not "Just Out To-day," 1897. Piece of dairy lunch pie analyzed by chemist and found to contain nearly 17% pie, 1921.
- 22—M.— Woman waiting for elevator, on ground floor of big office building, takes a long chance and does not ring for the elevator to stop; elevator starter faints, 1920.
- 23—Tu.—First National Convention of Workingmen in New York; Judge Gary Takes Steps, 1872. William Randolph Hearst demands the sales tax, 1947.
- 24—W.—The Savannah, first steamship to cross the Atlantic, sails for Liverpool, 1819. Samuel F. B. Morse sends first telegraph message from Baltimore to Washington, 1844. Brooklyn Bridge opened despite everything that New York can do about it, 1883.
- 25—Th.—Ralph Waldo Emerson born, 1803. Man who gets wrong number on telephone does not insist on knowing which wrong number it is, 1912.
- 26—F.— Last Confederate Army surrenders; scenario writers begin work on movies in which Northern Lieutenant falls in love with proud Southern beauty, 1865.
- 27—Sa.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes, born, 1794. Chambermaid in hotel in Templeton, Pa., shot by guest who discovers that top of sheet is three inches from the edge of the mattress, 1901. John Golden admits he produces clean plays, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922.
- 28—Su.—Harvey Schneide, of Wheeling, W. Va., believes a "Wet Paint" sign and does not touch the surface to see if it is really wet, 1914.
- 29—M.— Wisconsin admitted to the Union, 1848. Man who purchased used car on May 14 observed in drug store buying carbolic acid, 1922.
- 30—Tu.—MEMORIAL DAY. Hall of Fame opened, 1901. Floorwalker in New York department store describes location of glove counter in such a way that the customer is able to find it, 1907.
- 31—W.—Walt Whitman born, 1819. First photograph of man looking into fireplace, 1875. Johnstown flood, 1889. Seventeenth Amendment, famous for being the one before the Eighteenth, adopted, 1913.





Margaret Lawrence
In "Lawful Larceny."

LONG years ago, when I was young,
My feet were led in virtue's ways;
The ten commandments, framed, were hung,
Before my adolescent gaze.
Especially that stern decree
Which Moses wrote upon the height,
"Thou shalt not steal," appealed to me.
"Moses," I used to say, "was right."

Imagine, then, how I must feel,
Miss Lawrence, when you break my laws,
And I not only watch you steal,
But burst out into wild applause!
O dearie me, I know I'd try
To be a burglar for a bit
If I were only sure that I,
Like you, could get away with it.
George S. Chappell.



Sanctum Talk

"WELL, LIFE, what do you think of me now?"

"My gracious, Mr. Harding, I don't know. There are moments when I don't even want to think of you."

"That's always the way; we poor old presidents certainly have a terrible time of it—one day they slather us with orchids, and the next—"

"But you don't care, Mr. Harding; you know it's the wonderful consciousness that you have done your darndest that counts—it's that constant thrill of righteous normalcy that buoys one up."

"That's all quite right, LIFE; it sounds fine, but I'm beginning to weaken a little on—"

"Not on yourself, Mr. Harding. Shades of Marion! With a diamond ring on one hand and a brassie in the other, you ought—"

"I know, I know. But the fact is, I realize that I am almost too pleasant. I begin to feel like a jellyfish in a saw-mill."

"But—"

"Oh yes, of course, I still feel that I have considerable ability left. I am really a nice fellow, LIFE."

"You really are, Mr. Harding. I admire you quite a lot. In the first place, you look the part. In the second place, your kindly spirit is based on something more than simple glad-handedness. In the third place—"

"That's generous of you, LIFE, but to be brutally frank, you know as well as I do that I am not quite up to the job."

"Nobody ever is, Mr. Harding—that's one of the great compensations of life."

"But how can I—"

"Will you allow me to make a suggestion?"

"Will I! Or shall I say, shall I? Somehow I never can remember—"

"Listen, Mr. Harding; not with your ear to the ground, but just like that. Don't try to please too many people, —just be sure you're right and—"

"And now you're getting commonplace, LIFE. G-g-good morning."

"I always was, Mr. Harding. You know it's those little commonplaces that—good morning!"

T. L. M.

Now Our Love Is Over

WHEN our love was over I had to go
Back to the land I used to know.
Through the rainbow tints of the morning hours,
Past the sleepy smiles of awakened flowers,
As far down the road as our trysting tree,
You held my hand and walked with me.

But when we came to the twilight land,
Cruel and flat, and gray like sand . . .
The days that held not you nor me,
Nor dreams of things that perhaps might be—

You kissed me then and said good-by,
Saying, "Life must end and Love must die."

Now I like to think that in your heart,
In a secret chamber set apart,
A little candle casts a light
That turns to gold the black of night.
Perhaps you do not know it's there,
Or knowing, perhaps you do not care.

But when you're hurt in the world of men,
I hope that you will find it then!

M. C. L.



Jack: Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself.



A Reason for Everything

"Why have you given up smoking, old dear?"

"Well, you see, darling, mother and grandmother smoked up my cigarettes so fast, I couldn't afford it any longer."

Moral Tales for the Young

Dorothy Parker

LITTLE Gormley stole a purse,
Took it from his crippled nurse.
It was quite a lucky touch—
She'd been saving for a crutch.
So our hero, for a starter,
Bought a seat for "Gertie's Garter,"
Spent in vain his gains unlawful—
For he thought the show was
awful!

When *you* plunder Nursie's hoard,
Spend it where you won't be bored.

Gracie, with her golden curls,
Took her mother's string of pearls,
Figuring—as who would not?—
It would pawn for quite a lot.
Picture, then, her indignation
When she found it imitation!
Though her grief she tries to smother,
Grace can't feel the same towards
Mother!

All pretence and sham detest;
Work for nothing but the best.

Earnest—such a little man!—
Got his family's sedan,
Drove it over hill and dale—
Just escaped the county jail—
Maimed, in his exhilaration,
Folk of spotless reputation.
But his trip with gloom was
tainted—
Now the car must be repainted!

Strive to keep the death-rate low,—
Think how high repair bills go!

At the Spring Academy

"—suppose they are trying to do something original, to get away from the old ideas. But what I say is, the old masters are good enough for me—"

"—do wish Josie would take some lessons. She's so artistic,—makes all her own Christmas presents. You ought to see the cute little powder-puff bags that she made last—"

"—rather nice color, but that shoulder is insincere—"

"—want to get something to hang in the dining-room between those two ducks that Fred shot last Fall. We had them mounted and they look just as natural! Don't you think a fruit piece or a nice cheerful barnyard scene would be—"

"—awfully talented and all that, but hardly the sort of person that you would want to invite to your home. You know how these artists are—"

"—not a bad draughtsman, but much too popular—"

"—don't see anything out of the way in nudes, myself, but with the children and their friends always running in and out of the house it doesn't seem quite—"

"—met him at a tea the other day, and the first thing he did was to ask me to sit for my portrait,—said I have such a paintable face. He wants to do me in my pearls and that big black hat—"

"—Now there! That's what I call a lovely picture. See how cunning that baby is, trying to get at those goldfish! I wonder how much the artist would want for—"

"—used to draw quite a little, myself. I always used to make place-cards for Mother, and I still have some Gibson girls that I copied,—and lots of people say that they can hardly tell them from the originals. Everybody told me I could have done something with my art if I had only kept it up, but what with one thing and another, I just couldn't seem to find the time to—"

"—rather interesting feeling he gets in those tomatoes, but the salad-bowl is all—"

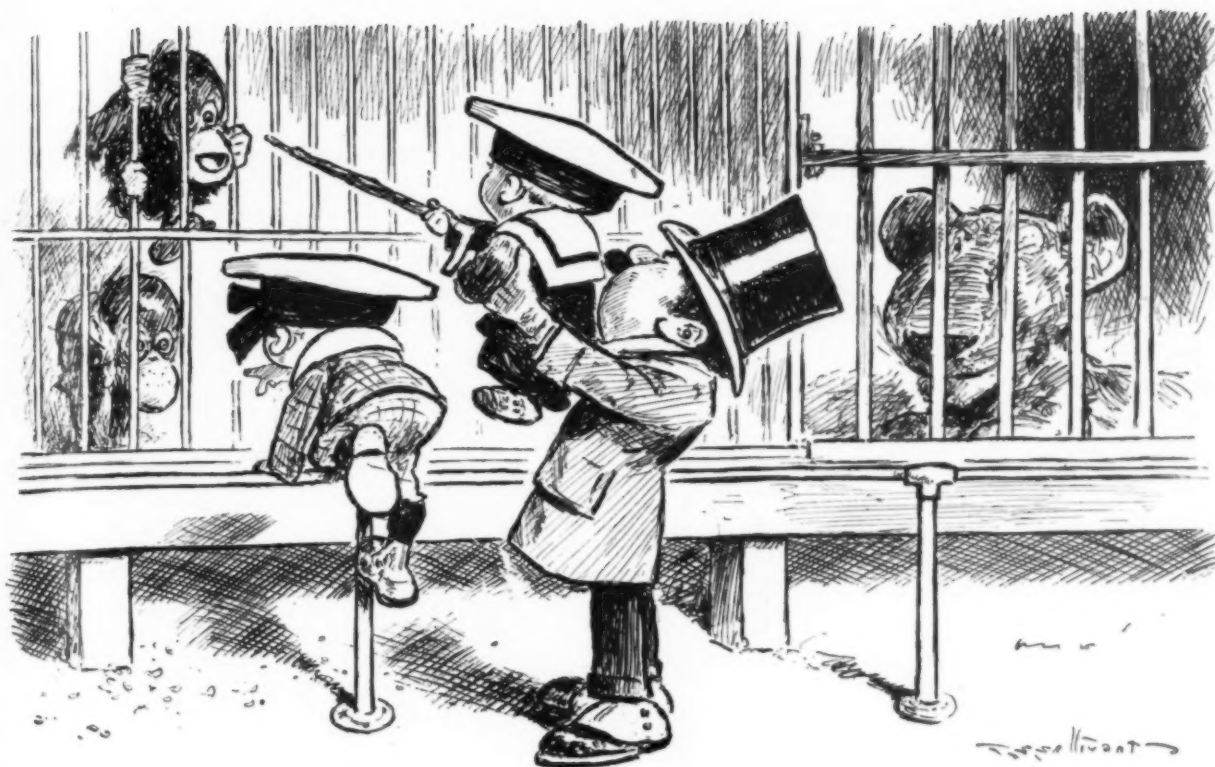
"—art, but I know what I like. And there isn't a picture here that I would have hanging on the walls of my house, not if you were to give me the whole lot for—"

D. P.



The Die-hard

"Mark my words, gen'tlemen, they'll come back to th' boss yit!"



The Zoo Monkey (reflectively): I'm glad they put these bars up to keep the people out.

A School for Card Sharpers

By Wellwell Hoyle

THE compulsory no trump is a tremendous force for improving the game. It eliminates entirely that odious person who was always demanding: "I beg pardon, but what are trumps?" For it is easy enough to remember what are trumps when there are no trumps.

There has been considerable discussion lately concerning conventions. As we have pointed out again and again in this department, there is only one convention which is worth a tinker's (no apology necessary) dam, namely, **WHATEVER YOUR PARTNER DOES, SMILE.** Whether it be Smile Week or Paint Up and Clean Up Week or St. Patrick's Day, it is the one sound convention of the game.

Questions and Answers

Auction Bridge

Question—A and B have just made a brilliant grand slam in five hearts doubled. In sorting over the tricks Z discovers that B refused clubs and later played the king. B in turn shows

where Y denied himself to the queen and then threw the jack on the floor. How should this be scored?—K. K. K.

Answer—Authorities differ. Coach Daly of West Point believes the ball should be taken out to the 15-yard line and put in play again. Coach Fisher of Harvard thinks otherwise. You can take your choice.

Question—In mixed company is it still permissible to say "Pray do"?

—R. R.

Answer—Absolutely not! "Pray do" went down for the third and last time in '03. The current generation seems to prefer "Shoot, partner!"

Slap Jack

Question—Z slapped the queen of hearts under the impression that it was the jack of diamonds. Y claimed a foul. Z retaliated by slapping Y. Was that the proper procedure?—M. M.

Answer—It was.

Question—Gertie was on fives'. In making the toss, one of the jacks

slipped and fell down Martha's galoshes. Was that fair?—T. F.

Answer—This question is too far beneath our dignity to merit an answer. We wouldn't even print it if we weren't short of copy this week.

Bridge Problem No. 86B

♥ AKJ72
♦ AKJ72
♣ AK
♠ K

♥ Q986
♦ 106
♣ 9876
♠ 1097

Y	
A	B
Z	

♥ 10
♦ Q98
♣ QJ105
♠ AQJ86

♥ 543
♦ 543
♣ 432
♠ 5432

A is Z's wife and B is Y's husband. It is ten o'clock and Z is ready to go home. How does he get there? Solution next week.

T. F.

Life



Lines

IF Columbus drops in at the Genoa Conference, he'll have a harder time discovering America than he did in 1492.

A few more Irish factions and they'll have to change that motto from "Ourselves Alone" to "Every Man for Himself!"

Newspaper-faking is going out of style. Otherwise, the two men who were robbed in an Italian restaurant would have been found bound with their own spaghetti.

Fact that a ten-year-old chess player recently beat three Congressmen proves nothing except it's lucky for the ten-year-old that chess is not a talking game.

A "fleet of eighty Fords" is to combat New York crime. Not content with eliminating the cow, they will now supersede the police dog.

"Women make the greatest prize fighters," says a man whose wife belongs to a bridge club.

Among the latest conveniences is a handbag fitted with an electric light. 'Twill never be popular with the woman who says, "I've got it right here."

The Tacoma authorities who hope to make their city a second Reno will undoubtedly adopt for a civic motto: "Tacoma Divorce."

"Ghosts won't answer unless summoned," says a psychist. Perhaps spirit etiquette forbids them to spook until spoken to.

What is so rare as a day in June? Well, the fifteenth, when the second instalment of the income tax is due, might be a great deal rarer.

An English speaker says, "American men look up to their women." He should have added, "From a seat in the subway."

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the Lucy Stone League: "Husbands shall put all their property in their wives' names."

The flapper's idea of looking pleasant before the camera is to throw one leg across the other.

A correspondent writes that *Brisbane's Weekly* is distinctly mediocre. Say rather, yellow ochre.

Among the chief causes of insanity may be mentioned gasoline, and an over-use of the word "meticulous."

Jack Dempsey, departing for Europe, announced that among other things he intended to clean up Germany. Apparently Mr. Dempsey wishes to continue the impression that he never even heard of the war.

Why should we resist temptation; there will always be more.

There is little use to talk about your child to anybody; other people either have one or haven't.

After all, there is good precedent for the contention that the matron should not assume her husband's name. No one dreams of calling a cow "Mrs. Bull"; and though her mate is a Fox, the female of the species remains a Vixen.

"Hoboken policeman slain—five arrested." This must account for the whole force.

British government reports for 1921 show a twelve per cent. decrease in liquor consumption in England. This, of course, may be due to the fact that so many of our visiting lecturers didn't go home until last December.



To a Portrait

WITH wondering eyes and faint half-timid smile,
She bid me pause—and contemplate a while
The generations that have laughed and wept,
These years her mortal counterpart has slept.
"I am not changed by time," she seemed to say;
"Two hundred years—or was it yesterday,
My mortal image breathed and spoke. And he
Whose craft instilled eternal life in me—
Is he but dust—or do I hear him say,
'Now tip your head, and smile, and turn . . . this way'?"

"To-day you live—to-morrow others come,
And I will smile to them, when you are dumb.
Return my smile, and I will know you know
I link the present with the long ago."

E. B. C.

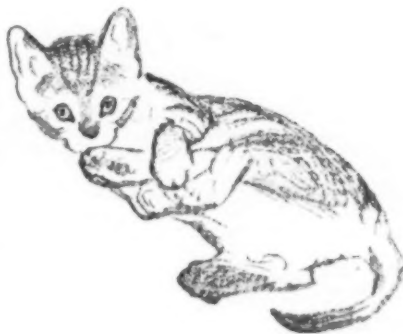
Love still makes the world go round, but Prohibition makes it go round the corner.

Now that the Episcopal Church has cut down the ten commandments and left out the word "obey," won't someone call attention to the dangers of married life?

New York is getting so crowded that pretty soon we shall have to stand in line before being robbed.

DEAR LIFE:

I enclose my latest pictures — they don't flatter me — I am proud of my whiskers — I admit that they are all on one side of my face but that is an accident — or rather it is the curse of cigarettes I got that way when I discovered a lighted cigarette — of all my discoveries that is the most discovered — and it is going to stay discovered too the next time you are in town look me up and we'll have a can of salmon together and maybe a game of Bathrobe Tassels as to that did you ever fall into a bathtub — I was quietly walking on the edge of one this morning watching the running water when suddenly — I didn't lose my balance — No I am not sure but I think I was pushed fluently and enthusiastically — the cockide stiff — however when I came from under the bed he gave me an extra shot of breakfast — maybe he's a diamond in the rough and after all you should have seen me get out of that tub — too quick for the eye — you knew I had been in because I was wet — if it happens again I won't even get wet but I must close Mr. Lees doesn't approve of my writing he says his pictures mew for themselves — maybe they do



HARRY
LEES



A Meeting of the Oriole Sporting Club

President: Has anybody any objections to Hickey becoming a member of this club?

Jimmie: Yeh, I have! One day I was swipin' apples outa Maure's orchard and Hickey sneaks up and stoled me whole bag full. Now I don't think we oughter have guys in we can't trust.

Chorus of Members: Jimmie's right! We don't want no crooks in this club. A guy like that would give us Orioles an awful black eye.

Infallibility

It's Easy to Be a Prophet If You Only Know How

"I WISH we were not going to your mother's," said Louise that morning. "I have a presentiment that something dreadful will happen, and you know how woman's intuition is."

I had been married long enough to know. It is infallible.

However, we started.

The car ran beautifully. We rolled through Westchester, drinking the spring air, joyously marvelling at the ever-new glories of the countryside.

Along the Post Road we made forty-five miles an hour for a fifteen-minute stretch. Not a motorcycle policeman appeared. In fact, we did not see one throughout our drive.

The tires behaved so wonderfully that they made their guarantee seem pessimistic.

"I am certain that something dreadful will happen," Louise told me again as we arrived at Mother's place, ex-

actly on time—fifteen minutes to one. Mother was enjoying good health. Even the servant problem did not worry her at the moment.

Luncheon was perfect. The cook had surpassed herself. The maid seemed almost cheerful as she served us.

The day continued its perfect behavior. The sun was a glory of glories. We enjoyed our ramble through the fields immensely. Mother's garden was abloom with early flowers. Her vegetables were showing satisfactory progress. The neighbor's chickens had been far more considerate than usual.

The afternoon flitted away as if it were only twenty minutes in a stud poker game.

"I am having a glorious time, but I am so afraid that something will happen," was the whispered information conveyed to me just before dinner.

The people Mother had invited

proved extremely likable. The dinner was superb. The hollandaise was everything it might be, and that, after all, is the supreme test. Even the conversation was almost interesting.

We drove home slowly, under a moon that made us forget that we had been married eight years. Not a single mishap marked our outing, and we reached our apartment perfectly content with our day.

An hour later we decided to retire. As we were leaving the living room, Louise brushed against a vase—the delicate, shimmering thing Uncle Phil had given her—and it crashed to the floor.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, as she gazed at the fragments. "I knew we shouldn't have gone to your mother's. I told you something dreadful was sure to happen."

J. K. M.



A little incident in the daily life of a prehistoric man, showing the origin of the happy expression worn by all sprinters as they approach the tape.



MAY 4, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 79. No. 2061

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SENATOR BORAH is an important person.

He is one of the ablest of the Senators, a man of brains and force, but very little known outside of his activities in the Senate.

This much we know about him, that he is fifty-seven years old, was born in Illinois and educated there and in Kansas; that he practiced law in Kansas and has lived in Idaho for thirty-one years and has been Senator from that state since 1907. The population of Idaho is about 432,000. For those people Mr. Borah and his colleague Mr. Gooding are the Senators.

Who keeps Mr. Borah in the Senate? Who are his backers in Idaho and what sort of people are they? In politics Idaho is considerably a Mormon state. Senator Borah seems to be opposed to all political co-operation with the rest of the world. He fought the Treaty of Versailles from start to finish. He lately opposed the Four-Power pact. He seems to want the United States to go it alone. Are these his personal views or are they the views of his backers in Idaho, and if so, why? He is nominally a Republican. Actually it is rather difficult to discover traces of party politics in his proceedings. Is his course due to his Mormon constituency that has to be appeased by opposition to all measures of international co-operation, or is it due to some other power that is behind him, or is it due to Borah and nothing else?

Probably it is all due to what is inside of Borah and not to anything outside or back of him, Mormons, lumbermen or anything else. With all his abilities he seems capable of accepting very curious opinions, such as the belief in secret compacts between the United States and Great Britain. Most people

cannot understand what facilities the government of the United States has for secreting agreements with other powers. Mr. Borah seems to believe that there are such facilities and that they are used. Secretary Hughes is very positively of a contrary opinion and he, if anyone, ought to know.

One would like to know more about Senator Borah, and who and what he is and how he came to be so, and why he thinks what he thinks, and feels as he feels. One hears of him as a studious man and a hard worker. He is apparently sincere in his views. When they are right he is a help to us. When they are wrong he hinders the country's welfare. Either way he is important.



IT was quite a change in Eastern railroading when a New York Central freight train was held up the other night by ten bandits near Poughkeepsie. The bandits were disappointed. They picked the wrong train and whereas what they were after was silk, what they got was sugar, so there was no profit to them in their adventure, but the public received a new impression of the unruliness of the times. Homicides and hold-ups are daily incidents hereabouts. The *World* computes since New Year's there have been in New York fifty-seven homicides and ninety-nine hold-ups. Nobody can read the headlines in any paper without being struck with the idea that there is a very unusual number of men at large who either cannot live to their satisfaction by work, or cannot get the work to live by.

One case of unemployment need no longer give the political world concern. The former Emperor Charles of

Austria, out of a job since 1918, died of pneumonia in exile in the isle of Madera. He was a young man and left a young wife and family, and the death of such persons always excites sympathy. But for Charles it was probably the simplest way out of a bad case.

E. S. M.



A Scruter of the Inscrutable

THERE is something bordering on the fantastic in the idea of a Retired Detective-Story writer coming over from England to tell us just exactly what Heaven is like.

These peeps into Infinity have heretofore been given to us only by theologians or super-scientists (like Sir Oliver Lodge)—and we can hardly be blamed for receiving Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the rôle of evangelist rather as a sight than as a seer.

It is easy to understand how a writer of mystery fiction, who has spent the better part of half a century in explaining the mysterious brain processes of a Sherlock Holmes, should have an Alexanderish hankering to conquer the new thought world, and probe the improbable.

There is a tiresome sameness to these travelers' tales of that bourne from which no traveler returns.

One of Sir Arthur's radiograms from the Beyond—"I feel it would kill me to leave this beautiful place"—would seem to indicate that in this case at least, Death like a Bumble Bee had left his sting in the soul of his victim.

The general impression Sir Arthur seems to have made on his American audience is that of a very large, plain-spoken and absolutely sincere detective-story writer.

O. H.



THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE 18th AMENDMENT CONTINUES



IS IT A LULL OR PEACE IN IRELAND?



THE STRIKE SETTLES DOWN TO A LONG ARGUMENT.



CRIME AS USUAL



CONCESSIONS

W.S. ENRIGHT

What a Month Brings Forth







So Farce, So Good

"THE GOLDFISH" seems like an amusing play which has been tinkered with. It has changed its name three times since it started, from "Up" to "Jenny Jones" to "Her Three Husbands" to "The Goldfish," and with each change some one has evidently inserted a few more sure-fire scenes. The second act seems to have been built by invitation, with all the friends of the author invited, each to come and bring something funny to hang on the tree. The result is quite unlike anything you have ever seen before.

One can almost hear what happened at rehearsals. Some one sat up back in the dark and yelled out: "Make it funnier! It drags right in here. Send Louie over to my office and have him get out of the filing cabinet eight or ten comical situations, any ones will do. We'll make a comedy out of this yet." Thus it is that "The Goldfish" is partly amusing light comedy, partly rousing farce, and partly vaudeville, slipping occasionally into boggy sentimentality.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU helps "The Goldfish" a great deal, simply by coming on the stage. "A feast for the eyes" would be our phrase to describe it if we went in for such things.

And wholly aside from her natural resources, Miss Rambeau has acquired a line of comedy methods which, although synthetic, is undeniably effective. Like the author, she leaves no stone unturned to get the laugh, but as the laugh usually results, the incident would seem to be closed so far as we are concerned. Her scene with Wilton Lackaye and Norma Mitchell in the property opera box, during which the play itself is put quietly to sleep in the corner, might well be a stunt to be billed as "The Three Reardons, in Five Minutes of Clean Fun entitled 'Mrs. Noovo Reach at the Opera.'" And yet it gets across.

The last act turns to sugar without warning, and the only reason that we could sit through it at all was that we were consumed with curiosity to see what happened to the boy in brass buttons who had appeared for a few minutes in the second act. On the opening night this young man's entrance was the signal for an ovation from friends and lodge-mates which has been equalled in recent years only by the mention of Theodore Roosevelt's name at the Republican Convention, and we naturally supposed that later in the play he would turn out to be a remarkable actor in the part of a Scotland Yard detective in disguise. He went through his one scene in the second act, however, without saying a word or doing anything more noteworthy than carrying the opera box on and off. And, although we waited until the final curtain expecting him to crash through the window and claim Miss Rambeau in a big emotional scene,

he never appeared again. Doubtless by then his carriage was being drawn through the streets by cheering crowds.



THERE must be something in the minds of those optimistic people who go to the trouble and expense of producing a farce like "Lady Bug." Just what it is, is difficult to figure out. Maybe they think that just this once they are going to get away with it.

It used to be that any time we saw John Cumberland's name attached to a farce we felt that at least there would be something to laugh at. Evidently many authors of farces have felt the same way during the past few years and have thought that so long as they got Mr. Cumberland to play the lead they need do nothing more than change the pillow-slips and write a couple of lines for the butler and they would have a sure-fire hit. Consequently this excellent comedian has been tied up with a series of disgraces which have either been still-born or entirely unworthy of his subtle talents. Now it is beginning to tell on him, and we are no longer predisposed to laugh at his first appearance but wait until something worth laughing at takes place. At "Lady Bug" we waited from eight-thirty until ten-forty-five. The final curtain was at ten-forty-five.



LAST week we predicted that we were not going to like Eddie Cantor in "Make It Snappy." The only other time we have been mistaken was in the Fall of 1911, and that was nowhere near so big an upset as this.

To appreciate fully the enormity of this *volte face* it must be understood that for years we have been a militant opponent of this wisp of a comedian. We have felt that he was attempting to steal other people's stuff, that he was crass and generally unpleasant to have about. Several times we have even left the theatre when he came on, but it never seemed to have any appreciable effect on his popularity with the rest of the public.

In this mood we attended "Make It Snappy" at the Winter Garden and you can imagine our humiliation when we heard ourself laughing at him. In the first place, he is in white-face most of the time and has a solemn Jewish manner which is all his own. Then he has been given some funny lines, the funniest lines we have ever heard in the Winter Garden, which, while not the last word in praise, is better than it sounds. Finally, very little of his stuff is offensive and even that which is, is pleasantly so. These revolutionary facts, together with the Cleveland Bronner ballet, have changed the old Winter Garden of our discontent into something else again.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Murder mystery of long standing.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker.*—Melodrama squared.

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Fifty creeps to the minute.

The Charlatan. *Times Square.*—To be reviewed later.

The First Fifty Years. *Princess.*—Married life in six stages, portrayed by a cast of two people.

The Green Ring. *Neighborhood.*—Intellectual fooling.

The Hairy Ape. *Plymouth.*—A powerful and bitter play by Eugene O'Neill very effectively done.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton.*—The circus as the scene of a tragedy of considerable beauty.

The Hindu. *Comedy.*—An off-shoot of "The Green Goddess" in the Oriental melodrama class.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic.*—Unimpressive material made into something interesting if nothing else.

Montmartre. *Belmont.*—French importation which was hardly worth the trouble.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's.*—Laurette Taylor in a little sermon on the evils of wine and song.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A poignant play, excellently done.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bronx Express. *Astor.*—To be reviewed later.

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Extremely amusing burlesque romanticism.

The Czarina. *Empire.*—Doris Keane as the susceptible Catharine of Russia in some of her delightful affairs.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge.*—All right if nothing makes you sick.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—Delicious English comedy, with Charles Cherry.

The First Year. *Little.*—Still in the lead and quite rightly so.

The French Doll. *Lyceum.*—A rather ordinary play with Irene Bordoni and an extraordinarily good cast.

The Goldfish. *Maxine Elliott's.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric in a notable characterization of a little *cocotte*.

Lady Bug. *Apollo.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Madeleine and the Movies. *Gaiety.*—George M. Cohan and daughter in a swift arrangement of nothing much.

The Rubicon. *Hudson.*—Not for theatre-parties, even of old friends.

The Shadow. *Klaw.*—To be reviewed later.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a lot of hilarious trouble over an automobile.

To the Ladies! *Liberty.*—Some of the most original comedy in town.

The Truth About Blays. *Booth.*—Excellent and amusing iconoclasm.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse.*—Old-fashioned play with a new-fashioned angle.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Real music.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Russian artists in an arrangement of old favorites.

For Goodness Sake. *Lyric.*—The Astaires' dancing is worth seeing.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—Good all-around entertainment.

The Hotel Mouse. *Shubert.*—Not much of a show but Frances White has some new songs.

Just Because. *Earl Carroll.*—Respectably stupid.

Letty Pepper. *Vanderbilt.*—Charlotte Greenwood in another of the Letty series.

Make It Snappy. *Winter Garden.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst.*—Mary Hay in a charming musical version of "Pomander Walk."

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Now that the prices are down there really is no excuse for not seeing it.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn in a great deal of trouble.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century.*—Large musical comedy well sung by Tessa Kosta, with James Barton for comedy purposes.

Some Party. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—DeWolf Hopper and contemporaries in just a little something they got up.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson in what has been quietly running along as a big hit.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 35. Saturday night roughhouse at Dr. Humphrey's Specific dispensary.

Rip Van Drinkle

The New Telling of an Old Story



THE action occurs in Spotless Town, a one-half of one per cent. village, somewhere in America Reformed. All the Shop Windows of River Street are festooned with tempting displays of new Old Oaken Buckets. There is a hydrant on every corner—and the public fountain is bubbling with Croton. The local sprinkling cart was designed by William J. Brine.

The background is decorated with a waterfall, approved by the W. C. T. U., and the brook, which babbles by the Inn, was selected by the Anti-Saloon League. Water—water all around, and nothing else to drink.

Into this scene of sweetness and light, where all is virtuous and law-abiding, comes a Vagabond who has slept for twenty years in a blind tiger in the Catskills.

As none of them recognize him, he approaches Nicholas Vedder, who lurks about the door of his Inn, surrounded by a surreptitious atmosphere.

RIP: I say, old chap, no one seems to know me—eh, what? My name is Rip Van Drinkle—

VEDDER: Ah, my poor friend, you have been asleep twenty years. We have it on the unimpeachable testimony of Washington Irving. I have read you in his book—you have even broken into the movies.

RIP: Twenty years? Nonsense!! When I went to sleep in the mountains, only last night, there were jolly little bounders with kegs of brandy and soda all about me. I drank some . . .

BYSTANDERS: Schnapps!! Bootleggers!!

(The Populace departs in the direction of the Catskills, the Mayor leading the field, with the Pump Man at the Water Tank an easy second.)

RIP: I say, let's have a whisky and soda.

(There is a burst of red fire, and out of the nearest hy-

drant pops the Good Fairy Apollinaris. She carries a banner upon which is inscribed the delightful device: "We know what is best for you.")

APOLLINARIS: Whisky and soda? (she shudders horribly.) Take care, or I'll sick the 18th Amendment on you.

RIP: You're a charming girl—'pon my honor, but you're talking bally rot.

APOLLINARIS: Whisky and soda is Verboten.

RIP: I say, old dear, what is Verboten?

APOLLINARIS: A very useful term which we have just inserted into the Constitution with a card index. The Germans have no further use for the word, as the poor misguided creatures have set themselves free.

RIP: Yes, I know, old thing, but what does it mean?

APOLLINARIS: It means that no one can drink anything we don't happen to like ourselves. I am secretary for the Society for the Prevention of Everything You Want to Do. There is but one Law and Volstead is its Prophet. So now America is dry.

(Nearby a still blows up, frightening a horse which runs away, scattering a wagon-load of malt syrup and dried grapes all over the street.)

RIP: I think you're spoofing me.

APOLLINARIS: Not at all. This wretch here (indicating friend Vedder) once paid a heavy license fee to poison our unsuspecting citizens with rum at ten cents a glass. Didn't you?

VEDDER: Oh, yes. (He whispers to Rip.) Now I don't pay any license

and I get seventy-five a glass.

APOLLINARIS: Our law is a success. VEDDER: I'll say so. (He slips a large wad of graft to the local Revenue Agent.)

APOLLINARIS: It is universally obeyed.

(A parade of natives reels out of the Inn and up the street singing:

"We'll build a little still up there on the hill,

And let the rest of the world go dry."



There is a burst of flame and out of the nearest hydrant pops the good fairy Apollinaris.

A band of bootleggers approach: they wear daintily embroidered boots on their lapels so they won't try to sell to each other. In the distance the Three Mile Limit coos seductively.)

RIP: Can this be America?

VEDDER: No. It's Andersonville Prison.

RIP: Well, by Jove, you know you said I'd been asleep twenty years, but you're asleep now. Think it over, old chap. Think it over. Excuse me . . .

(As the curtain falls Rip has overtaken the Pump Man and is gaining on the Mayor. The hollow rumbling is not an earthquake, it is merely Washington Irving turning over in his grave.)

C'EST FINI

Mark Swan.



Rip has overtaken the Pump Man and is gaining on the Mayor

Out of the Shadows

THE Greatest Theatrical Manager sat at his mahogany desk. Before him, cringing as befitted one in the presence of majesty, was his secretary.

Rousing himself from his dreams of genius, the G.T.M. spoke.

"Gotta put on a new one," he said, in the limpid conversational style for which, among other things, he was famous. "The Mercury'll be empty a week from next Choosday." He had been to London.

"Get Reveal to slap up some costumes. Lots of stockings and plenty of backs. You know th' sorta stuff they fall for. Pick out about fifty peppy kids with neat ankles. And phone Sarah to come in and sign a contract for th' lead. She can re-vamp that dance she did two years ago when th' police closed th' show in Chicago.

"Squatsky's got a bedroom sweet in gold that oughta be a knockout. That'll do for the second act. You can dig up that old Roman bath set we used in 'Caesar's Lady Friend' and slap it together for th' first. Shoot in a plumber and his helper for some comedy stuff when th' Roman dames are bathin'. You know. Then you oughta find a lotta harem sets at th' warehouse. Pick out th' one with th' most doors for th' third. That'll be about all, I guess. Score's been attended to."

The secretary started to leave but was halted by the G.T.M.'s voice.



The Modern Version

The Boss: Young man, have you ever been to college?

Applicant for Position (in blushing apology): Er—well, yes, sir, I have—but it was only a small college and I stayed only three months.

"Forgot sumpin'," the genius of production said. "You better look over summa them ol' manuscripts sometime soon. Grab one of them, don't matter which long's it's gotta few good gags in it.

"And change the title. Make it 'She Did and She Didn't.'"

"Rehearsals start to-morrow."

The door closed, and the Greatest Theatrical Manager slipped back into his dreams.
J. K. M.



First Laborer: Are ye workin', Joe?

Second Laborer: Sure. I got a dandy job fixin' de trolley tracks. I have to quit every minute or so to let de cars pass.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Heart Interest

THERE is nothing that receives more brutal treatment in the movies than the quality which is known as "Heart Interest."

What, you may well ask, is heart interest?

It is a term used extensively by the film people to describe sentiment. Love, sympathy, compassion—all these elements constitute heart interest; and a picture without them is as unprofitable as it is rare. Which is all very well. But why must heart interest always be patently artificial? Why can't the producers invent some new and more legitimate means of introducing the sure-fire sob stuff into their films?

There are many tricks that have been so frequently employed that they have become as familiar to movie fans as Mary Pickford curls or the national Board of Reviews' official trade-mark. For instance:

An old mother, aged anywhere from eighty-five up, placing a light in a window for her wayward offspring.

An old mother doing anything else.

Any young animal: A baby, a puppy, a bear cub, a duckling, a kitten, a calf, or an infant tarantula.

An apple tree in bloom photographed with the soft focus.

A death-bed.

A nest full of eggs, preferably in the hatching process.

A glycerine tear.

These tricks have literally been worked to death, so that heart interest is becoming an object of scornful contempt. It is popularly supposed to be synonymous with hokum.

WHICH is unfortunate, because there is plenty of heart interest in real life, and when the screen re-

flects real life it fulfills its highest mission.

In "Tol'able David" there is plenty of heart interest, and yet it is not objectionable because it is genuine. The same may be said of "Humoresque," "The Miracle Man," "The Kid" and many of the Griffith pictures. Griffith can stimulate heart interest without relying on an injection of concentrated hokum for the purpose: it is only when his ideas fall into the hands of his imitators that the hokum appears on the surface.

Two exceptions to the Griffith rule were "Way Down East" and "Dream Street," which were as obvious as a lead nickel. They belong in the same artificial class with such monuments of ham sentiment as "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

THE fans are beginning to recognize the old, stale brands of heart interest and laugh at them when they should weep, so that the producers, if they intend to puncture the lachrymal glands of the audiences, must find a means of inspiring real tears—instead of the sort that one sheds when encountering a strong onion.

"Human Hearts"

GOING from a discussion of heart interest to a consideration of the picture, "Human Hearts," is about as natural and uncomplicated a process as going from Minneapolis to St. Paul.

In "Human Hearts" the heart interest referred to above is laid on first with a light brush, then with a mop and finally with a fire-hose. The glycerine tear precipitation throughout the film is at least 20.6" per reel.

Some of the sentiment is real; and

some of it is *ersatz*. Fortunately, there is enough of the former to make the picture a fairly convincing whole; even in its most artificial moments it can rely successfully on the efforts of an unusually effective cast to avert the catastrophe of boredom—which gives it a tremendous head-start over others of its kind. "Human Hearts" is unquestionably the stuff of which huge box-office profits are made, and as almost any successful producer will be glad to tell you, the movie people are not in the business for their health.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

THE posters that are used to advertise the picture, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" show Miss Lila Lee as a bride surrounded with a huge question mark. Her face is distorted by a vehement wink.

That wink is the dominant note in the film. It is stressed throughout, and is the final answer to the question of the title. "Is Matrimony a Failure?"—yes and no. Such is the ultimate conclusion. The story was written by Walter Woods, and directed by James Cruze—the same pair who were responsible for that glorious bit of absurdity, "One Glorious Day." They have not approximated their previous triumph, but they have succeeded in turning out a travesty of considerable originality and sparkle.

As a philosophic discussion of life beyond the altar, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" makes the De Mille problem dramas look like interscholastic debates.

The fact that it does not attempt to solve the problem proves that the author, Mr. Woods, knows what he is talking about.

Robert E. Sherwood.



The Right of Way to Tire Leadership

A year or so ago, the American public placed the leadership of the tire business in the hands of the men who make U. S. Royal Cords

THE first Royal Cord Tires were made and sold in 1916. No cut-and-dried story could possibly account for their position of command today—earned in a short six years.

It mostly comes down to the car-owner as an out and out human being. Forget him as a mere tire customer and consider him as a personality. With an inborn instinct for quality. With a pride in demonstrating his quality beliefs.

How many tire manufacturers, would you say, have even guessed that American car-owners were shifting so fast to better tires?

Certainly U. S. Royal Cords have proven this fundamental thing—

For every low-grade tire made there is arising some motorist with a fine, human indifference for it.

He and his kind have become out and out loyalists of Royal Cord Tires—as representing the highest expression of their demands.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

United States Tires are Good Tires

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U. S. Tire Co.

Multiply this man by a million or more. Then sit down and weigh his tremendous deciding influence.

Today, for the production of U. S. Tires, there is erected and operating the largest group of tire factories in the world.

The men who make Royal Cords are quality workers and quality merchandisers.

Their spirit of leadership is the spirit of constancy—faithfulness—a simple, understandable policy.

U. S. Royal Cords have come to be the measure of value of all automobile tires.



U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

*Five-thousand
Factories*

*The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World*

*Two-hundred and
thirty-five branches*



A Verbal Salad

The following telegram, writes an Irish reader, was sent by a Western R.I.C. man from an outlying district to his Sergeant: "Motor just passed at furious rate in direction of town. Killed heifer, containing four gentlemen and two greyhounds, one of which was a clergyman."
—*London Morning Post*.

Internal Evidence

"John," said the wife, "I don't think our new maid is honest."

"Oh, don't say that," replied her husband. "She has such an honest exterior."

"Well, but you should see the interior of her bureau."

—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

A Spring Day

MASTER: Joseph, how's the weather this morning?

JOSEPH: Rather warm, if it happened to be January; decidedly cool if we were around the 30th of July.

—*L'Illustration (Paris)*.

HAPPY FATHER (*rushing into room, in the first transports of delight*): I've got a son! It's a boy.—*London Opinion*.



INGRATITUDE AT SHANTUNG
Japan (to China): Your attitude astonishes me. It was I who threw the Prussians out of your territory and now you want to throw me!
—*Telegraaf (Amsterdam)*.

Persecuted

"You say that this man has a grudge against you?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, Your Honor," replied Bill the Beggar. "When I was blind he used to steal the pennies from my cup and when I was a cripple he'd run down the street with my box of pencils."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, Your Honor. Once when I was deaf and dumb he shot off a firecracker underneath me."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Stray

THE PASTOR (*driving to church, to passer-by*): Where are you going, John?

JOHN: To church in the next parish.

PASTOR: I don't like that. What would you say if your sheep strayed to someone else's property?

JOHN: Well, s'far as that goes, I wouldn't say nothin' if the pasturage was better.—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

A Souvenir of Travel

"I bought this Navajo blanket from an Indian in Arizona."

"It was made in New Jersey."

"Well, give me credit. I had to go west to buy it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"OUR idea of hell," says a motorist paper, "is a continual detour through a mire with a good road just the other side of the fence."—*Vancouver Province*.

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Rhymed Reviews Outwitting Our Nerves

By Josephine A. Jackson, M. D., and Helen M. Salisbury
The Century Co.

TIS all about your so-called "nerves";—

A theme unconscionably weighty;—
It tells you how to bat their curves
And make an average of eighty.

Away with diets, fads and frills,
Long weeks in bed and awful doses!
Your ills are mostly mental ills
Produced by what we call "neuroses."

As psycho-analysts have found,
You lug a mental quirk and pet it.
Your old digestive tract is sound;
Just give it food and then forget it.

Who is it fills your soul with doubt?
Who sends you aches? Who makes
you lazy?

Who sighs, "Poor thing! you're all
worn out!"

Who pretty nearly drives you crazy?

Behold the villain here defined!—
Your old ally, your old disheartener,
That tricky imp, Subconscious Mind,
Your influential silent partner.

Oh, yes; he'll feed you lies enough!
By false reports he tries to rule you.
But just you call the fellow's bluff!
Then make him work. Don't let him
fool you.

Reject your mawkish special pleas.
Dismiss your self-indulgent notions.
Remorse and rage are psychic sprees,
For you can choose your own emo-
tions.

For most convincing common sense
Put down in lively Anglo-Saxon
With lots of cheerful evidence,
A vote of thanks to Doctor Jackson!

Arthur Guiterman.

Our Short Story

IGNEOUS had been cashier in the bank for many years before he discovered one day that there was in his soul a deep passion for gambling. At first he withstood the temptation that came with the discovery; but a day finally came when he could no longer resist. And so he gambled until his savings were gone, then he borrowed. When his creditors became pressing, he took the bank's funds and gambled more recklessly than ever.

For a long time he did this.
Now he owns the bank.

It doesn't matter how old you are,
but how you are old.

*The Hinds Cre-Maids have beauty rare
Each one is a perfect dream
For they always use each day with care
HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.*



Copyright 1922 A. S. HINDS CO.

These are the dainty maids who bring
To you this useful, beautiful thing,
To soften your skin in a healthful way
Making it lovelier every day;

Dry, rough hands grow fresh and smooth,
Windburn and Sunburn, Hinds will
soothe.

"Catchy fingers" soon disappear,
Muddy complexions change and clear;

Daily use on your hands and arms
Gives you the skin that always charms.
Health and Comfort are hidden there
A smoothness fine and a perfume rare.

Truly a treat in life's daily scheme,
You'll find Hinds Honey and Almond
Cream.



All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet Free.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 18
Portland Maine





"They got it all!" he managed to say, and sank into a chair

And Now Their Cashier Carries a Colt

SATURDAY A.M. Pay Day! At eleven o'clock precisely, methodical John Morse, cashier for Keith & Company, took the small, black bag in which he carried his payroll and hurried over to the Merchants' National Bank.

"One hundred and fifty tens, one hundred and fifty fives, one hundred twos, and fifty ones this time, please."

"There you are, Jack," said the teller as he placed the various piles of greenbacks under the wicket, "twenty-five hundred dollars."

John Morse dropped the package into the black bag as he had done on a hundred Saturday mornings before and left the bank.

Five minutes later breathless, speechless, pale and disheveled, he burst into Mr. Keith's office minus the bag.

"They got it all!" he managed to say, and sank into a chair. "I did my best to save it, but they got it all!"

"Only last night when I read about that Everett robbery," said Mr. Keith, glumly, "I was thinking 'it might happen to us.' It might happen to anyone—once. But we'll take no chances again. Here, John, run over to Stevens' right now and get the best Colt Revolver they carry. Hereafter you and the payroll will come back together—safe."

The newspapers are full of stories of payroll robberies. It happens every day—everywhere. Yet you need not fear. You can go and come in safety protected by a trusty Colt.

A Colt Revolver may save your money and your life. A small investment for a great protection. Your dealer will gladly show you various models of Colt's Revolvers and Automatic Pistols.

If you write to the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Connecticut, they will send you free "The Romance of a Colt," an interesting book sent free for the asking.



The Bandit: Well—what of it? We are looking after the funds of some clients of ours. We don't think they're safe enough in your bank.
—L'Illustration (Paris).

Smoke Fresh Cigars

Our one profit, direct to smokers method, serves you with fresh cigars made in our own factories, in the only section of the world that can produce perfect Havana cigars, at a big saving.

All hand made shapes and sizes in Clear Havana and blended filler; priced from \$6.00 to \$18.50 per 100. Write us on your letter-head stating shape and color you like and price you pay. We will then send you some to try.

THOMPSON & COMPANY, Inc.,
719 Twigg Street TAMPA, FLORIDA

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



By the Second Post

"GENTLEMEN: Am sending you back the belt of an overcoat purchased a few days ago from you. It is too short. One with the shortest button placed where the end one ought to be on this one would be about right as when the end button on this one is used in connection with where there could be an end button hole on this belt it is a good fit, but there are none. Other than the above the belt is all right. Yours, etc. D. S. O."

—Chicago Tribune.

Reform To-morrow

"Mother, our school has a new class on deportment."

"Indeed! Then what is your arm doing on the supper table?"

"Oh, but we don't start till next week."

—Boston Transcript.

"I WAS in the army."

"All through the war?"

"Well, that's what I put it down to."

—Passing Show (London), from a play.

Sad Parting

Two mountaineers had long enjoyed a blood feud with each other, but at last neighbors, desiring peace, managed to bring them together. For several minutes after the meeting not a word was said. Finally one, scratching his thumb-nail reflectively on the butt of his gun, remarked:

"Well, pardner, I'm not going to be with ye much longer."

The second was relieved but strove to conceal his feelings.

"Don't talk thatta way, Seth," he remonstrated. "We been enemies fer twenty year, but of course I'll miss ye. Ye ain't goin' to shoot yerself, are ye?"

"No," drawled the first, "I certainly ain't goin' to shoot myself, and I ain't goin' away, neither, but seein' as how ye ain't ever goin' ter see me again, I figgered ye mought have somethin' ye wanted ter say first."

—American Legion Weekly.

Sale Ho!

Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, stepped into a haberdasher's shop the other morning, made a purchase and gave his name and address. The clerk asked if it were possible that he was the explorer. He replied that he was.

"I've been reading about your trip to the Arctic," said the clerk. "I certainly don't envy your life—away from everything for four months."

"Where have you been all this time?" inquired the explorer.

"Oh, right here," was the reply.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Business Competition

"Young man," said the Boss, glaring at the clock, "do you realize that every minute lost to this firm is an opportunity gained by the competition?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said the Kid, manfully. "But the better our competitor gets along, sir, the more ambition it puts in us to meet 'em!"

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Return of the Native

RETURNED NATIVE SON (to local character): You certainly have changed a lot, Uncle Anderson.

LOCAL CHARACTER (sourly): Name ain't Anderson!

NATIVE SON: What the deuce, is your name changed, too?

—Kasper (Stockholm).

"How far," asked the prospect, "is this house from the trolley?"

"Oh," retorted the promising young real-estate man, "not more than a couple of wave lengths!"—Buffalo Express.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

The Sunday Casualty List

Week-end Accidents closed late Sunday night with a record of brisk trading and a strong upward trend at the finish. LIFE's city desk reports the following casualties:

ARPLE, THEOBALD WOLF-AGANG. Dropping in on the Arples in the early forenoon on Sunday, Mrs. Arple's own cousin Jake forcibly removed the sum of twenty-five dollars from Mr. Arple. Cousin Jake told Mr. Arple to consider it in the light of a loan. Mr. Arple, however, said he preferred to consider it in the light of an outrage.

Blunnit, Sarah. Suddenly, on Sunday afternoon, Sarah, devoted maid-of-all-work of Mr. and Mrs. James Merton Trill. The cause of her taking-off is believed to be unexpected dinner guests. "She left us cold."


McMustard, Jamieson. Invited to enjoy the comforts of his friends', Mr. and Mrs. Meerz's, new automobile with his wife, Mr. Meerz reports as suffering from the following casualties: Four dinners—\$20. Twenty gallons gas—\$5. Four quarts oil—\$1.60. Two spark plugs, with installation service—\$2.50, and four suppers—\$16.85.

Whisset, Mr. and Mrs. Cleophas. Suffering from bad bridge-work at the house of some friends, Mrs. Cleophas Whisset reported a loss of \$34.60. Mrs. Whisset made the statement that never in her life had she held such impossible hands. At the same place, Mr. Cleophas Whisset reported a loss of \$50, even, from poker. Mr. Whisset made no statement.

H. W. H.

Wins Her Sympathy

"What do you do when your stenographer is late?"
"I sigh heavily," said Mr. Dubwaite.
"Does that get any results?"
"Yes. She tells me I'm working too hard."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



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Dancing

in the Supper Room

JOHN M.C. BOWMAN,
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KNOWN QUALITY

ALL MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Independence

"Independence," said the chauffeur, "consists in periodically telling the boss where to get off. It means taking no lip from nobody."

"Independence," said the Socialist, "consists in throwing off the remnants of an outworn social system and emerging into the light of a social and industrial democracy."

"Independence," said the preacher, "is in a way a paradox. For though it means freedom of the soul from the bond of the flesh it subordinates it almost completely to the laws of the Spirit. It means the lifting of man into a newer and higher consciousness."

"Independence," said the demagogue, "is the birthright of every thinking individual. It is the acknowledged right of mankind to determine its own destinies. It is the essence of God himself."

"Independence," said the ancient benedict, "I am afraid I have forgotten."
—K. W. B., in *Princeton Tiger*.



"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"
G. E. Studdy in the Sketch (London).

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES

ALSO MANY STYLES AT \$5.00 & \$6.00

YOU CAN ALWAYS
SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY
TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE
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IS YOUR PROTECTION
AGAINST
UNREASONABLE PROFITS

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED
BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS
EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

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HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY, DEPT. E 3, GIRARD, KANSAS



Next Week—The Book-Stuff Number of Life—Cover by Maxfield Parrish

The Truth About Worry

IT is bad enough to worry all the time, but it is infinitely worse not to worry at all. If you are not a natural-born worrier you should cultivate the habit. Do your worrying on a part-time basis. Say to yourself, "Every day I will devote at least ten minutes to worry." You will be amazed to find how easy it is.

Pity the man who does not—or cannot—worry. In the struggle for existence he is terribly handicapped. Many of our best citizens might have remained in this category had they not by persistent effort taught themselves the great lesson that to succeed one must worry every once in a while.

Mr. Bryan has learned it—though at what a cost! Unable by nature to worry intelligently about himself, Mr. Bryan artfully conceals this deficiency by worrying about Darwin. Mayor Hylan has demonstrated time and again his incapacity for good, sound worry as to himself or the crime wave or matters of more or less pressing importance, but see what a stew he can work himself into when it comes to the art of MacMonnies! Do the unkind things that are said about the Ford car worry Henry? Not at all. Henry prefers to do his worrying about a new basis of wealth. And so it goes right down the line.

It doesn't matter what you worry about so long as you worry about something at some time. Everybody who amounts to anything has to have his pet worry—often several of them. If you think you can get along without your share you are mistaken. Asylums are filled with people like that.

F. W.

A Close Acquaintanceship

Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has just been made an earl, often plays golf on the ancient links at St. Andrews, in Scotland. One day, says Mr. Andra Kirkaldy in "Fifty Years of Golf," a gentleman who had just made a drive asked his caddie whether he had ever carried clubs for any famous men.

"Lots o' them," replied the caddie, and after naming a few more or less distinguished persons mentioned Mr. Balfour and said that he had a close acquaintanceship with him.

"Just what do you mean by a close acquaintanceship?" asked the golfer.

"This," replied the caddie, pointing to his legs. "I'm wearin' a pair o' Mr. Balfour's troosers."

—Youth's Companion.

SHE: The nerve! That man actually asked me how much father was worth.

HE: How uncalled for. And what answer did you give him?

—Washington & Jefferson Wag-Jag.

THERE is a whole lesson in the startled remark of one old gentleman about another: "Why, the man undertook to change his habits!"

—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Glamour

I WANTED just to be in love,
To have a lad to love me,
To have a hearth to call my own,
To have a roof above me.

I wanted just a quiet life
In pleasant, happy ways;
To bake, to brew, to wash, to mend,
Through busy, peaceful days.

But now—the players came last night
With torches and a drum,
With lovely ladies dressed in gold—
Why did they have to come?

Things cannot be the same again,
And I am not the same—
I do not want the things I did
Before the players came.

I want to have a splendid house,
I want a coach and pair,
A serving maid to do my work,
And heavy silks to wear.

I want to go down splendid streets
With people gazing after;
I want to live where music is
And pretty things and laughter!

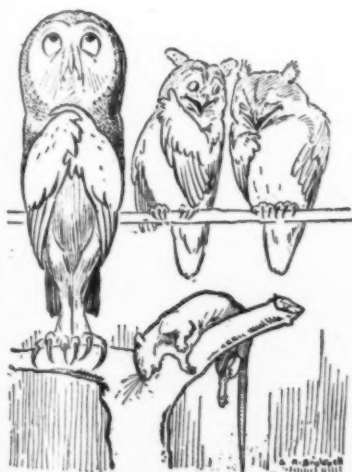
Where shall I find content again?
Why did the players come
To steal my happiness away
With torches and a drum?

A. W. C.

The Apostles Renamed

"WHAT is your favorite chapter in the Bible, Uncle Ajax?" an old darkey was asked.

Uncle Ajax smacked his lips. "Dat one whar' tell about de twelve opossums, suh!" he replied.



AT THE ZOO

1st Owl: What's the matter with him—gone off his feed?

2nd Owl: Oh no, it's just his side—he was hatched in a Cathedral belfry.
—London Opinion.



The Price You Pay For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long re-

search, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice
Endorsed by modern authorities
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nearly all the world over. All
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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



If Optimism Prevailed

FIRE? Fiddlesticks, young man. The booklet says this hotel is absolutely fire-proof. Go away and let me sleep."

"What's this,—from the Income Tax Bureau? Good! They probably are sending me a refund."

"I don't seem to be able to get central, Mary, but I'm sure those burglars won't be through in the cellar for some time yet."

"It's a good thing Jack has gone over to Gloria. He'll appreciate me all the more after he's tired of her."

"Lots of time, George dear. Just try again and give her a little more gas. That train will stop rather than hit us."

"I feel I'm going to lose my petticoat before another block, but I'll probably look snappier without it."

"Ten years in Sing Sing? Thank you, Judge. I've always wanted to wear a light suit, but I never had the courage."

"Triplets? Hot dog! That just completes the children's baseball nine!"

Among Those Present

THE first turnstile at the opening baseball game was clicked by John P. Jones, who, it will be recalled, stated last year, when the Yankees failed to win the World Series, that he was off baseball for life.

Crowding Mr. Jones was observed Henry A. Smith, who, after neglecting his business and his family all last summer and seeing Ruth hit only twenty of his home runs, swore he would never attend another game.

Somebody pushed Mr. Jones and he turned to give the offender a brutish look when he saw it was William W. Williams, the truck driver, who said he was through with baseball forever when Frisch was called out at home.

Cowering behind Mr. Williams was Alpheus P. Simpson, who told his wife last October that if she would come back to him once more he would never stay for another extra-inning game.

Seeing these and Mr. Brown, who says baseball is crooked and won't get any of his money, pass in, the veteran gatekeeper sent word up to the office that in spite of Ruth's salary the season would be a financial success.

WILLIS: How is the efficiency expert coming on at your office?

GILLIS: Fine. He was such a success for the boss that we employees hired him for a week.

"Did he make good?"

"Did he? He showed us a new way to beat the time clock, taught us a lot of brand-new excuses for being late and how to hook the boss' cigars without being caught."

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that cannot be duplicated distinguishes

Wallace's Linen Mesh Underwear

A special knitting process creates myriads of artificial air cells in addition to those natural to the flax fibre.

Thus WALLACE'S LINEN MESH absorbs perspiration and permits the body to breathe as nature intended.

All good shops handle it.

made by
The Linen Underwear Co
Greenwich New York



"Could you place my son in your office?"

"All right; what can he do?"

"What can he do? If he could do anything I'd hire him myself, of course."

—Karikaturen (Christiania).



THE joy of all outdoors is yours in an "Old Town Canoe." For "Old Towns" are the easiest canoes to paddle. They are the fastest and staidest canoes made—the lightest and strongest canoes you can buy—and the lowest priced. "Old Towns" last for years. \$54 up from dealer or factory. Write for new catalog showing all models in colors. Free.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1235 Middle Street Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoes"

The Horrors of Radio

Broughman said of Campbell that he had added to the horrors of death by writing biographies. The period is made shorter in the case of radio, for now we are threatened with conveniences in hearing that will leave us defenceless before music, literature and eloquence. The short story will simply be read to 20,000,000 readers at a time. Signora Galli-Curci will warble to a continent twice a day, and most dreadful of all, members of Congress are thinking of using the Government radio service to give the country the full benefit of their eloquence. The fascinated reader draws a picture of Daniel Webster talking into a radio-telephone—let us draw the curtain.

Under the new system, newspapers of course will be superseded and the good old days of the town crier will return, as they were bound to do, there being nothing new under the sun. * * * With the short story will topple down the income of those gentlemen who teach you to write short stories. These Royal Roadsters will have to resume their former callings of plumbers and sausage-makers—there will be little call for their painstaking works, for no doubt a short-story-teaching syndicate will be formed and everybody will learn to write short stories, the beneficent consequence of which will be that with everybody writing them, nobody will read them. Every cloud has a silver lining.

—Boston Transcript.

"Yesbutter"

We found a new word in a little magazine a few days ago that appealed to us. The word is "Yesbutter"—you know, the people who agree to a proposition, are in favor of it—"Oh, yes, but—" Don't you know them and isn't their name legion? Speak of wet blankets, dashes of cold water! What has a more cooling effect when you are thoroughly in sympathy with a project than a "Yesbutter"? And you meet them hourly and probably have one in the bosom of your family, and the chances are that you may even belong to the big fraternity yourself.

—Missouri Ledger.

A Family Trait

A kindly old lady stooped over a reclining beggar and produced a penny. The beggar eyed it disdainfully.

"Ma'am," he began. "Did yer read in de paper about de beggar dat died and left a million dollars to a lady dat give him a quarter?"

"I seem to remember something of the sort," replied the old lady, "but—"

"Well, dat guy was me brother. Dat's de kind of a family we are!"

—American Legion Weekly.

A Canadian Pacific Hotel ~ Atop o' Old Quebec



America's Strangest Contrast

TWISTING, turning, balconied streets. Pattering French tongues. A countryside as primitive as Normandy. Ste. Anne de Beaupré, where pilgrims prostrate themselves in ancient ritual. Thus far—17th Century France . . . Then—on a cliff high above streets and St. Lawrence—a huge, turreted chateau. A promenade alive with fashion and fashionables. Broadway dance music. Golfers making up foursomes. Smart motors. All the colorful summer life of 20th Century America . . . This new-world Canadian Pacific hotel against its old-world background is but an overnight ride. Good motor roads. Make reservations now. Information at Canadian Pacific Office, 44th Street and Madison Avenue, New York. In Chicago, at 140 So. Clark Street. Or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

Write and let us help you plan a visit this Spring

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

Tiger! Tiger!

To a maker of movies an earnest lady who wished to "uplift" the screen suggested a version of Shakespeare's farce, "The Taming of the Shrew." "Not on your life!" boomed the magnate. "I've lost enough money already on animal pictures."—New York Globe.

MOTORIST: Yes, it took me about six weeks' hard work to learn to drive my machine.

PEDESTRIAN: And what have you for your pains?

MOTORIST: Liniment.—Pacific Weekly.

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Daimler Limousine-Landaulet cars, driven by liveried chauffeurs trained to act as couriers and interpreters. A private car for day, week or month.

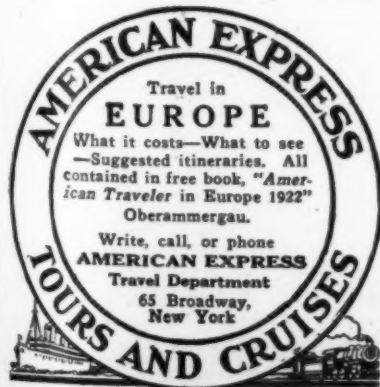
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Underwear is designed to meet the demand for finely tailored, scientifically proportioned garments that assure with the utmost in comfort the utmost in service.

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SILKS**

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The SUPREME SILKS for MEN'S SHIRTS

There is something about a silk shirt far deeper than mere satisfaction in being well dressed - the fine texture, soft to the skin, its warmth in cool weather, its cool touch in heat, and its long useful life

*But its silk must be one of the
Empire Loomcraft Silks
- famous for beauty and durability*

*Yours for the asking -
"The Silks that Set the Fashion"
a booklet worth having*

*The hall-mark of the true silk craftsman
is the Empire Loomcraft Silk label*

EMPIRE SILK COMPANY
315 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Central Location

THE representative business district in Cleveland extends from the Cuyahoga River to East Eighteenth Street, and from Lake Erie to Central Avenue.

The Hollenden Hotel is exactly at the center of a circle drawn to include these limits, and is easily reached from any point in this area.

THE HOLLENDEN HOTEL CO.
CLEVELAND

In Cleveland - It's
THE HOLLENDEN



Newrich: Now, le'see, I've ordered sets of Scott, Dickens, Irving an' all them boys. Now show me somethin' to read.

R. B. FULLER